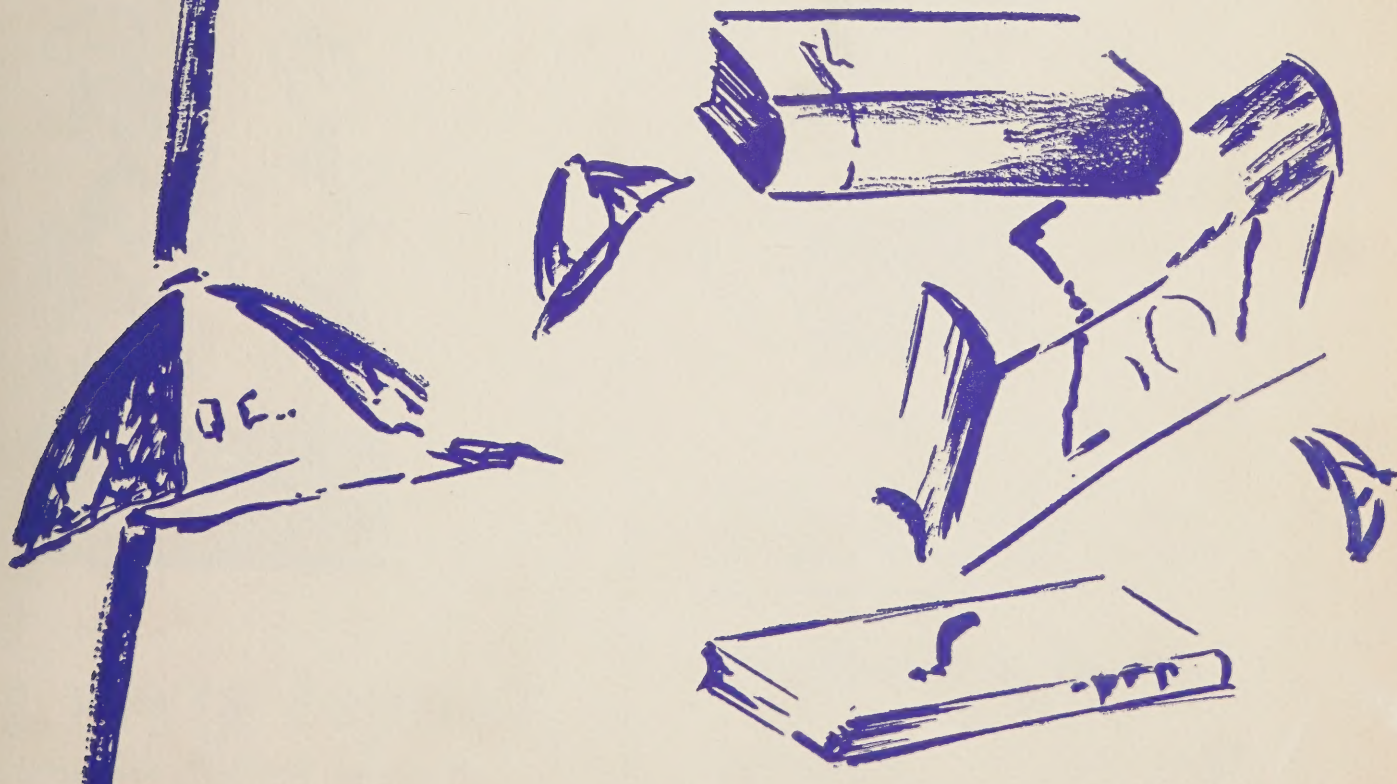
THE BLUE QUILL



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THE BLUE QUILL

OCTOBER 1952

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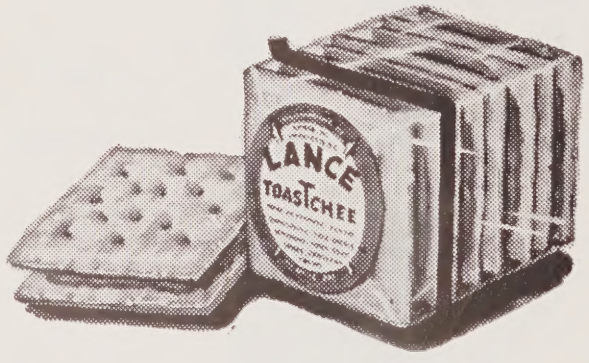

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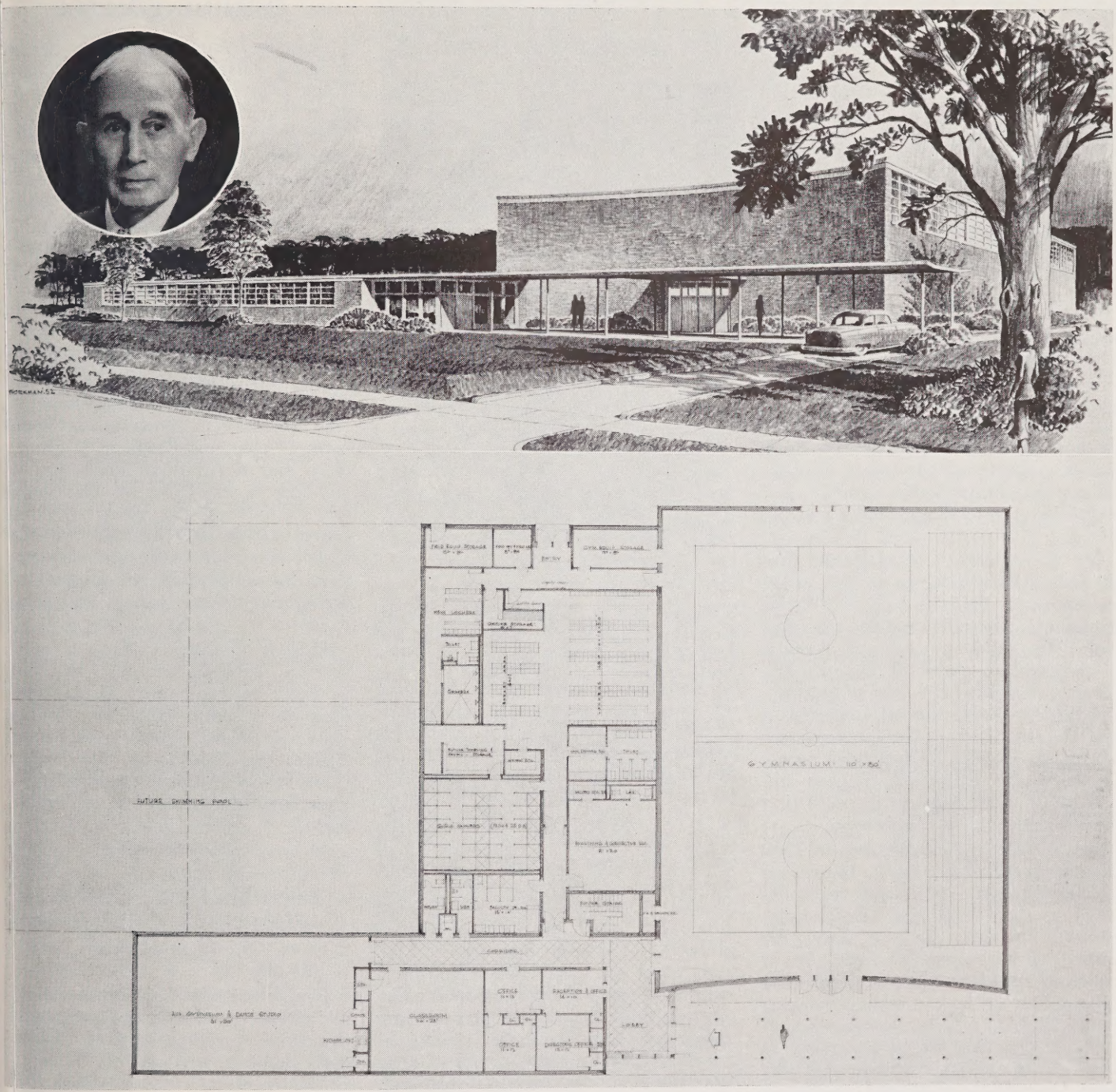
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

OVENS PHYSICAL EDUCATION BUILDING PLANS NEARING COMPLETION



Bids Will Be Taken Before First of Year

J. N. Pease and Company have submitted their preliminary sketch for the Ovens Health Center, funds for which were given to the college by Mr. David Ovens. Mr. Ovens, Vice-President of J. B. Ivey and Company, is a trustee of Queens College. Bids for construction of the Health Center will be submitted before the first of the year.

Present plans call for the Center to be erected on a portion of the present athletic field, facing Wellesley Avenue. The building will be of contemporary design, fireproof construction, and will contain approximately 19,000 square feet. A concave front will add interest.

The preliminary sketch depicts a large gymnasium approximately 110′ x 80′ with a small auxiliary gymnasium or activity area, classrooms, offices and administrative facilities, faculty and student dressing and shower rooms, storage and utility space, and limited locker and shower facilities for male students and faculty. Provisions have been made in the present plans for the addition of a swimming pool wing in the future. Stairs included in the plan will give access to a second story whenever it becomes necessary to add one.

The donor, Mr. David Ovens, was chosen "Man of the South for 1951." He has long been a leader in civic, religious and welfare organizations of Charlotte and the South. He has served as president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce and Charlotte Retail Merchants Association and the North Carolina Retail Merchants Association. Mr. Ovens has given $600,000 to colleges of the South.

DEAN GORDON W. SWEET—

A "Friendly . . . honest relationship"

The owner of this new haircut says that it caused much faculty discussion last summer. But when the vote came, the "ayes" had it; so this crew-cut may be here to stay. Other surprises Dean Sweet can create are the announcements that minimum semester hours have been changed from twelve to fifteen and that holidays will begin at 4:15 in the afternoon instead of 12:15.

"The Old Bear," as the Dean calls himself, is actually an understanding fellow, not, as some students think, Chairman of the Committee for Scaring Queens Freshmen to Death. Upperclassmen commend his wise advice and excellent sense of humor, both as dean and as instructor of Fine Arts 101-102. To see that Dean Sweet is 100% human, look at some of the facts about his life.

Mr. Sweet doesn't mind stating that he first opened his eyes on the world on August 23, 1915, in Ames, N. Y., the smallest incorporated village in that state. After public schooling in Buffalo, Boston, and a suburb of Detroit, Mr. Sweet received his B.S. degree in music at Michigan State Normal College and his M.A. in Music at the University of Michigan. He did further work in art history at the University of Iowa and had begun a program of "Coordinating the Arts" at Syracuse University.

Dean Sweet came to Queens in 1940 from an instructorship at the University of Michigan. In 1941 he was made Director of the Division of Music. From 1942-45 he served in the Army Air Corps, where he was an instructor in music. Upon his return to Queens after his army career, he was made Chairman of the Division of Fine Arts in addition to his other duties. After a year as acting dean of the college, Sweet in 1950 became Dean of the College. Dean Sweet states that he took piano lessons and practiced all his life until 1945, when other interests took over. He says he would be a capable piano teacher, but could never be a great performer. He had no desire to devote all of his interests and activities to this end since he had interests in too many other things—art, physics, chemistry, and aesthetics.

Dean Sweet married one of Queens's former math instructors, Ann Varn of eastern North Carolina, when Miss Varn was teaching at Agnes Scott. (Dr. Abernathy states that theirs was the first Queens faculty romance.) They have two boys, Charles, five, and David, one.

Dean Gordon W. Sweet

Students will see more of these young men since the Sweets will live in the Dean's house on campus this year.

Dean Sweet detests purple and does not like to type anything he has written (which those who have had to read his writing can well understand). He has five major interests: His chief interest is his two boys. Rating second is his interest in developing a personal, friendly, intelligent, honest relationship with Queens students as academic counselor and adviser. "This type of relationship," he says, "I consider outside of expected duties as Dean." His third interest is gardening. To quote him again, "I always spent my summers working on a farm (not good for a supposed piano player), and I love the soil and growing things and have dreams of retiring as a farmer (not to make a living). Thus I bought a site for my future home on Sardis Road where I could get land to work." The fourth interest of Dean Sweet is art history and appreciation. Because of this interest he continues to teach a class in fine arts so that he can stay in contact with his own field, as well as to keep in contact with the student body. He says that he enjoys administrative work, but "sometimes administrators grow very uneducated because of the pressure of routine duties." Dean Sweet's last major interest is golf, which he has little time to play.

Dean Sweet is active in church work. As Director of Music at the Little

(Continued on page 20)

NEW PROGRAM FOR EVENING COLLEGE

Queens Evening College's progra is being enlarged this year to includ a new two-year supervisory training pr gram. Director Pugh explains that th new program is planned to help newl appointed supervisors, prospective supe visors, and experienced supervisors. Th program is the result of much plannin by Queens officials and leading pe sonnel directors of Charlotte. Previou to public announcement of the pr gram in July more than half of th maximum enrollment had applied f admission.

The program will include four trai ing units covering a period of two yea These units are: Communications, H man Relations in Supervision, Manag ment of Men, and Problems of Manag ment and Supervision. Each unit w last eight weeks with two class sessio two hours long per week. Mr. Pug states that the best available instruct will be employed for each unit a that instruction will be informal, fe turing conferences, panels, and demo strations.

Queens Evening College is only year old. It began last year when Dav B. Pugh was appointed to supervise program of adult education. Studer enroll to secure college credits towa degrees or certificate requiremen Courses also appeal to students seeki vocational advancement or self-improv ment.

PANHELLENIC COUNCIL PUBLISHES CALENDAR

By Sidney Lewis

Panhellenic Council, composed of t five sorority presidents and a represen tive from each sorority, has schedul the following functions for 1952-53:

October 6-11 . . . . . Rush We
December 15, 16 . . Informal carol si
February 4 . . . . . Progressive din for the facu
February 11-13 . . Panhellenic worksh
March 14 . . . . . Spring Da
March 20 . . . . . Sorority si

Panhellenic had open house for all n students on September 21. Members the Council will be in charge of af dinner coffee every Friday night throu the college year.

Panhellenic officers for 1952-53 a Jackie Johnson, President; Doris Sea Vice-President; Mary Waters, Secret Marthann Coleman and Nancy T

(Continued on page 5)

.C.A. CABINET PLANS EVENTS

By Louise Hobson

At its retreat during the weekend of)ctober 18 and 19 the Student Chris- an Association Cabinet will outline full nine months' program. Focal point extended activity this fall will be the nnual S.C.A. project, which will be osen by the student body. Students e urged to make suggestions for this oject to Pat Laird.

Long-range planning will center ound Christian Re-emphasis Season, be held in February. Speaker for that eek will be Dr. W. E. Crane, of harleston, West Virginia. Dr. Crane, noted speaker, is continually on call r youth conferences and rallies.

S.C.A. Cabinet carried extensive re- onsibilities for freshman orientation. all prayers and vesper services were anned by the Cabinet. Later freshmen, well as upperclassmen, were given anks on which to indicate whether ey would be interested in work in al churches and/or S.C.A.

Queens' S.C.A. President served on e College Board of the *Going-To-Col- ge-Handbook* printed by the combined esbyterian churches and read by col- ge students throughout the United ates. Kathryn is quoted in the article page ten of the 1953 edition in a cussion of honor systems. She says Queens, "The honor system we have is the most cherished possession of ery member of our college family. It uches every phase of our life and is pected by students, faculty, and ad- nistrative staff. It works because it is instilled in the mind and heart of eh student before she comes, for be- e she can be accepted as a student, sh must sign an honor pledge which ans that she will not lie, cheat, or al. Each of us renews our pledge at th beginning of each school term. Eeryone takes it for granted that the her person is following the honor de, and so no pledges are required on individual papers or examinations. If th code is broken, the case is judged by stdents with administrative advice and gidance."

President Hickman was an unofficial Qeens representative at the Young Pple's Leadership School at Mon- trat; the official representative from Qeens was Nancy Barron. Two other Qeens girls, Mary McLaney and Libby Cnn, also attended.

Snyder

Brady

West

Fredericks

NEW MEMBERS IN BUSINESS AND SPEECH FACULTY

Three new instructors have come to Queens to execute the college's new program in business administration. They are: Perry B. Fredericks, Detroit, Michigan; William J. Brady, Jr., Warrenton, Missouri; and Mrs. John West, Charlotte. The Business Department now offers two B.S. degrees, one in business administration and one in secretarial administration. Students may also take courses to fulfill the requirements for North and South Carolina teaching certificates in business education.

Mr. Fredericks, assistant professor in the Business Department, has taught business law, accounting and economics at the University of Detroit since 1947. He also taught at Mississippi State College and in the high schools of Granite Falls and Proctor, Minn., and Fargo, North Dakota. He received his B.S. degree from the University of Minnesota, the M.A. degree from Wayne University and the LL.B. degree from St. Paul College of Law.

Mr. Brady, instructor in the department, taught last year at Central Missouri State College, Warrensburg, where he instructed classes in merchandizing, marketing, salesmanship, and bookkeeping. He was in the armed service during World War II, and he has been employed in St. Louis, Missouri, as service manager and research director for Famous-Barr and Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, Inc. Mr. Brady received his bachelor's degree from the University of Georgia and his master's degree in retail marketing from Washington University in St. Louis. He has attended New York University and Florida Southern College.

Mrs. West, who has previously taught at Queens, is now returning to conduct classes in shorthand and typing. She received her B.S. degree from Winthrop College and her M.R.E. from Woman's Missionary Union Training School, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. West has been a member of the faculty of Union, S. C., High School, a director of religious education, and a member of the faculty of the training school which she attended in Louisville.

New courses in the Business Department include marketing, advertising, insurance, personnel administration, retailing, salesmanship, accounting, office management, law, labor problems, statistics, and economics—in addition to the courses necessary for secretarial training.

William W. Snyder, who completed his Ph.D. requirements this summer at the University of Denver, Colorado, is now assistant professor in the Speech Department. Mr. Snyder holds a B.A. degree from Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio; his M.A. degree is from Western Reserve University; he has certificates in radio and television from New York University and Northwestern University. After teaching English at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, 1947-48, Mr. Snyder taught speech and dramatics at Allegheny College, Meadeville, Pennsylvania, 1948-51. The new assistant professor's experience in speech, dramatics, radio, and television will strengthen the faculty of the Division of Fine Arts so that it can be of greater service to the regular college program, the adult education program, and the city of Charlotte.

PANHELLENIC COUNCIL

(Continued from page 4)

berlake (Alpha Delta Pi), Bettie Neale and Doris Searcy (Alpha Gamma Delta), Betty Lipe and Mary Waters (Chi Omega), Katie Jean Aycock and Jane Wildman (Kappa Delta), and Barbara Edwards and Jackie Henley (Phi Mu), representatives.

Pictured above are Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Belk, left, and Mrs. H. H. Everett—Donors and honoree of Diana's Den, the new recreation room and soda shop in Morrison Hall. The dedicatory plaque in the Den reads: *In honor of Cornelia Nisbet Everett this student recreation room was presented as a tribute of love and respect by Ann Everett Belk and Henderson Belk.*

In Grateful Memory of

Mr. W. Z. Stultz

AND

Mrs. Lucy Jamerson Stultz,

donors of the Home and

Community Studies Building.

THE NATURAL MAN

By Fran Macpherson

They say, "A chained serpent, hissing soft."
But I have followed zephyrs' call and say,
"The wind is humming. Rise and sing her song."

SUPER-EGO

Abstemious said to Sir Hearty,
"Beware of madiera and clarty."
A's super-ego's
Wherever he goes
But they never go to a party.

STUDENTS RE-DECORATE BLAIR UNION

By Caroline Love

Starting with few resources, day students during July raised money to buy paint and other essentials to re-decorate Blair Union. The first of their money-raising schemes was a rummage sale on the corner of McDowell Street and Independence Boulevard. Alumnae heard of the project and raised fifty dollars which they gave to the Day Student Council to aid in the project.

The June primary for Democratic county and gubernatorial nominees offered the girls an opportunity to earn more money by counting votes. Twelve day students got together and worked at the polls, each earning two dollars for Blair Union. Selling waste paper and holding another rummage sale brougl additional funds.

The week of July 21-26 found Queer girls splashing buckets of chartreuse ar dark green paint on the walls of Bla Union. Day Student Council soug the advice of a professional decorato Mr. Kay Henry of Belk's, who decorate Diana's Den, in the selection of drape material.

Day Student Council's next steps re-decoration are new slip covers ar lamp shades. The November electi offers an opportunity to earn funds pay for these renovations. Profess McEwen's brother, Mr. Charles Mors cut cornices for the windows; and seve al other people have offered to he make Blair Union more comfortab and serviceable.

Day students McNair, Carter, Parsons, Harmon.

One of the corn re-decorated.

THOMSON IS FINANCE OFFICER

On August 1, J. W. Thomson, Treasrer and Business Manager of Queens College, assumed his new duties of nance officer while, at the same time, Carl C. Storey, assistant professor of ccounting and economics, replaced Mr. Thomson as business manager. Donald). McNeil will continue in his present apacity as assistant treasurer. Mr. Thomson's new duties will include prootional work in the interest of the ollege.

Thomson, who came to Queens in 943, is a graduate of Davidson College nd was with an insurance company Charlotte before joining the Queens aff. An elder of the Myers Park Presyterian Church, he was superintendent the Sunday School at the time of organization. He is past president of e Charlotte Rotary Club.

Dr. Jernigan stated in discussing Mr. Thomson's new position: "Mr. Thomn has for years upheld the college by is loyalty and devotion. Now that he free to devote all of his time to the loader financial interests of the colge, I am confident that Queens will come stronger financially so that it ill contribute to the higher education this community and the Carolinas an ever growing manner." He also id, "As Queens College approaches 100th anniversary (1957), I feel tat this is the period when Charlotte eds a college of national significance d must lend its full support to that d."

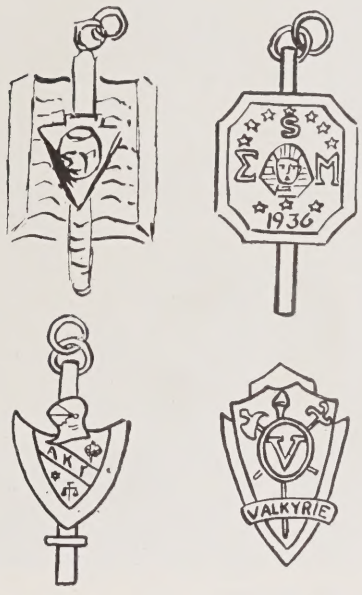
In discussing Mr. Storey's appointent, Dr. Jerigan commented, "With r. Storey as business manager, the llege will benefit from his splendid ining in economics and finance and s endless zeal for the interests of the stitution. He combines a wealth of ademic training in economics with a intensely practical point of view."

Mr. Storey came to Queens in 1950, er receiving his B.A. and M.A. dees from the University of Arkansas. addition to teaching in the regular sion, Mr. Storey taught also in the ueens Evening College and in the mmer session. He is a member of micron Delta Kappa.

Mr. McNeil became a member of the ueens staff in 1945. He had previously en employed in the Charlotte office the United States Rubber Company accountant and at the Southern Bearigs and Parts Company as bookkeeper.

Mr. Thomson's new office is in Burll across the hall from the business ice, and Mr. Storey directs his work m the business office.

ΑΚΓ, ΣΜ, ΣΥ, VALKYRIE BEGIN WORK



Four honorary organizations, Alpha Kappa Gamma, Sigma Mu, Sigma Upsilon, and Valkyrie, are planning their activities for 1952-53.

Members of the *Olympian Circle of Alpha Kappa Gamma* are discussing projects designed to meet specific campus needs. After a survey of campus life AKG will select one sphere of student life for special development. For example, Queens students have in the past shown lack of information about national affairs. The leadership fraternity proposes several activities to encourage more intelligent citizenship: a weekly assembly during which students can present and evaluate current events, using maps and slides to make these presentations more vivid; a mock Presidential election, including the appointment of a State Ballot Committee and preparation of ballots, Republican and Democratic rallies, circulation of campaign literature, registration for voting, setting up of polls, and voting.

AKG is also studying ways to encourage a more stimulating relationship between Queens students and the Charlotte community. The fraternity may invite civic leaders to speak to the students and sponsor a bulletin board devoted to city news. AKG could sponsor interest series on subjects such as contemporary music, the "socialistic trend" in American economics, U. S. foreign policy, the citizen and bureaucracy, contemporary painting, etc. An interest series might feature talks by Queens professors, movies, discussion groups, and lectures by visiting professors. The fraternity might help students keep

(Continued on page 21)

CHARLOTTE OFFERS CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES

By Flo Pearson

During 1952-53 students can buy tickets for concerts and plays presented by the Charlotte Symphony, the Charlotte Opera Association, and the Little Theater. The public is admitted to exhibits and concerts at the Mint Museum of Art without charge. Queens is also close to Davidson and Winthrop Colleges, which have inviting concert lecture series. Below are the schedules of the series for which tickets are required. Students desiring information about tickets should contact Nancy Armistead, Chairman of Student Government Association's Concert-Lecture Committee.

Charlotte Symphony

James C. Pfohl, *Conductor*

Oct. 27, 28 . . . . Hilde Gueden, soprano
Nov. 17, 18 . . . . Gina Bachauer, pianist
Jan. 12, 13 . . . . . Symphony Concert, No visiting artist
Feb. 23, 24 . . . . . Ester Glazer, violinist
April 28, 29 . . . . . Winner of the State Young Artist Contest

These concerts are presented in the auditorium of Piedmont Junior High School, as are the operas of the Charlotte Opera Association.

Charlotte Opera Association

Music by the Charlotte Symphony

Oct. 6, 7 . . . . . *La Traviata,* Verdi
Jan. 19, 20 . . . . . *The Desert Song,* Sigmund Romberg
April 20, 21 . . . . *Cavalleria Rusticana,* Mascagni, and *Amelia Goes to the Ball,* Menotti

The Mint Museum presents either a concert or an art lecture every Sunday afternoon. The art galleries are open to the public Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Every Thursday they are open from 2:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M.; every Sunday, from 3:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. The Museum is not open on Monday.

The Davidson and Winthrop Series are as follows:

Davidson

Sept. 26 . . . . Leonard Warren, Baritone of Metropolitan Opera
Nov. 7 . . . . . Nelson and Neal, Duo Pianists
Nov. 13 . . . . William and Emily Muir, Painter and Sculptor
Jan. 29 . . . . . Charles Laughton, Public Reader

(Continued on page 15)

DOWDYS PRESENT COMMUNION SERVICE

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dowdy

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dow have presented to Queens College silver communion service for use Belk Chapel as a memorial to the l W. H. Belk. Mr. Dowdy is mana of Belk Brothers Company, Charlot

This gift will contribute to the w ship life of the campus by providi the service necessary for the celeb tion of the Lord's Supper. Up to t time, the chapel has had no communi trays nor glasses. The presentation the service is further evidence of t interest and generosity of Mr. Dow whose efforts had a large part in t actual securing of the chapel and, m recently, in the addition of carpeti to improve both the appearance a acoustics of the building.

(Continued on page 15)

OUMANSKY AT QUEENS OCTOBER 17
PROGRAM OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN DANCE

At 8:15 p.m., October 17, Queens students and faculty will see Valentina Oumansky, dramatic dancer, in a program of classical and modern dance. This program is the first feature in the 1952-53 Concert-Lecture Series. Students have already paid admission through their Student Activity Fee; non-students may purchase tickets at the door.

Of Oumansky's choreography a critic on *Dance Magazine* reported: "shows sensitivity, originality and strength well worth watching." The dancer's training began under her father's tutelage in the highly disciplined school of Russian Ballet. The first seven years of her life were spent traveling through Europe while her father was presenting his newest ballets in the capitals. When she was thirteen, her parents settled in Portland, Oregon. The following summer she studied in Los Angeles with Carmelita Maracci.

While still in high school Miss Oumansky appeared as the leading ballerina in the summer symphony ballet known as Portland Rose Festival. The following year she went to New York to become a member of the Ballet International. Later she won a dance role in "Oklahoma." While continuing her work with this musical, she studied with Martha Graham and found time to take courses at Columbia University.

After a year in "Oklahoma" she returned to the West Coast to attend Lewis and Clark College. She later transferred to Mills College because of the outstanding courses there offered in modern dance. Following graduation, she went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to study the dances of the Southwest Indians—an experience which she considers led to her interest in ethnic dance and anthropology.

Last year Valentina Oumansky was invited to Cherokee, to stage the Indian dance for the drama "Unto These Hills." Her skillful arrangement of the spectacular age-old Eagle Dance has won wide acclaim from critics. During the past summer she appeared in "Carousel" produced by the Pittsburgh Light Opera Company.

The following is Miss Oumansky's program for her appearance at Queens:

Allegro ..... *Coupe*

This dance is designed to express the joyousness of the music through pure dance movement.

Procrastination ..... *Prokofi*

(Continued on page 22)

Miss Oumansky

QUEENS GIRLS WIN PLACES

Mary McLaney

Carolyn Moffat

Announcement has just been made the Intercollegiate School of Alcohol dies, University of Toronto, Ontario, t among the winners of the 1952 ert's Award are two Queens stu- ts, Mary McLaney, of Charlotte, Carolyn Moffat of Rock Hill, S. C. ry won fifth place and Carolyn won orable mention. The general themes all editorials submitted to the con- by undergraduate college students "Can Education Solve the Alcohol blem?"

There were ten $20.00 fifth place awards. Scholarships to the Intercollegi ate School of Alcohol Studies in Toronto, Ontario, August 24-August 29, were available to the writers of the top thirty-nine editorials.

The 706 entries in the international contest received a final judging by Mrs. Vashti Ishee Cain, Director of Narcotics Education in the Mississippi State Department of Education; Dr. Douglas J. Wilson, of the Montreal Daily Star, Montreal, Quebec, Canada; and Dr. Howard H. Hamlin of the State Department of Education of Ohio.

PROFS WORK THROUGH SUMMER

While students enjoyed a restful va- on last summer, many of the Queens aculty were going to school.

Mrs. Rebecca Bryant attended Alfred versity in New York. She was ected as one of eight graduate stu- ts for further study in the art of mics. The facilities of the Queens department have been enlarged by installation of a new electric oven.

Dr. Chewning and Miss Richardson e two of the ten professors from th and South Carolina chosen to ive grants to do research work at ke University for six weeks during summer. These professors were free se their time and Duke facilities as pleased.

Dr. Wetzler received a fellowship in 1952 College-Business Exchange ram sponsored by the Foundation Economic Education, Inc., Irvington-lson. Dr. Wetzler began his study on August 25 and will continue until October 1.

Dr. Wetzler is still studying the program of the Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware, where he will examine all departments and serve as consultant. He is one of one hundred and ten fellows who represent 84 colleges, and the exchange program is being carried on in 65 of the nation's largest businesses and industrial plants. The study at the Hercules plant will include the following departments: personnel, medical, engineering, cellulose products, synthetics, advertising, export, legal, traffic, administrative, patent, purchasing, and sales research. Some of Dr. Wetzler's work will include visits to branch plants in other parts of New Jersey.

Dr. Spencer spent his summer months as a special consultant in the European

(Continued on page 20)

THE HONOR SYSTEM

Speech given by Sara McNair on September 15 when honor pledges were signed.

Tonight we touch on the simplest, most basic principle on which Queens stands. The search for knowledge and truth is impossible without honor. But what is honor?

Honor is the essence of personal identity. As Dr. Stell said Sunday evening, we are looking for ourselves. We want to know whether we are suited to be doctors or research specialists or concert pianists or teachers or translators. College offers us opportunities to understand ourselves. It is the place to discover what is involved in these vocations. We understand these vocations as we explore fields for ourselves. No one else can make these explorations for us. We understand ourselves when we face our limitations and our abilities honestly.

The most profound honor demands that we examine our attitudes, our sense of values. What is honor? Honor is the essence of personal identity and honor is more. It is the respect of others, for oneself. The honorable person respects other people because he respects himself. He does not unjustly take from others because he knows that when he does he has cut off an avenue for his own development. He wants for other people the same right to learn and grow that he enjoys. He knows that otherwise his own growth may be limited. It's the differences among us that make us grow. Honor is the most realistic approach to living. Living honorably is recognizing situations for what they are. Honor should be easy and natural because it is unpretentious. It does not assume the responsibility of tampering with truth.

Our honor system means to us personally a sense of identity, respect for ourselves and others, and truthfulness. It means that we do not lie, cheat or steal; but it also involves a responsibility to our college community. When we sign the pledge we agree to report violations of the system. It is at this point that honor systems may be weak. If we do not protect our standards, they may be destroyed. We think they are worth preserving for our own classes and those that will come after us. We must not lower our standards to make us comfortable in popularity. The honor system worked before you came. Will you preserve this heritage?

(Continued on page 15

As We See It

THANK YOU, DR. JERNIGAN!

Twelve months ago a magician moved to Queens College campus to assume the duties of college president. Although he did not wear a clipped moustache or flowing cape, he possessed a magnetism which drew faculty and students to him so that he might cast his spell over them for the betterment of Queens College. The student body was Aladdin's lamp, and after a few words became responsive to the magician president.

Before the arrival of this wonder worker, Queens's spirit was at a low ebb, and students were beginning to assume a lackadaisical attitude toward their Alma Mater. They had become so accustomed to a static Queens that they were dubious when the new president previewed his first trick: creating a college social center. Although it took longer than the waving of a magic wand, the ultra-modern Diana's Den sprang from the dingy basement of Morrison. After the second trick of the academic magician, encouraging the students to finance their own television set, Queens College student body were hypnotized into putting their college on the map by doing individual work in every way possible. Every one with whom the Queens president came into contact felt the magic spell, but it was so pleasing that they had no inclination to resist its power. Under this spell an old Queens had vanished—a new Queens was rising from the smoke! At the end of last year it is no wonder that students were singing in perfect faith, "The sky's the limit to the things that he can do!"

Before the students left last June, they were promised renovations and additions for their return in September. No one was skeptical because, so far, the new president had not failed to do what he said he could. During the summer many students spent long, hot hours working on plans for 1952-53. Never in the history of Queens have students donated so much of their vacation to help make Queens a better college. Their desire to work for Queens was instigated by the determination of Dr. Jernigan. They spent many hours on the down town streets of Charlotte selling advertisements for various Queens publications and creating goodwill for Queens, gathering information for the college *Handbook*, *The Blue Quill*, and *The Coronet*, decorating (using their own money) the Day Student Building, planning orientation week, and laying foundations for the best year of Queens's student government. Nor was Dr. Jernigan resting from his labors at Queens during the summer. By his untiring efforts remodeling and reorganizing of the college took place. But no one was surprised—they had faith in him and in his vision for Queens.

The future of Queens is brighter than it has ever been before. Students, realizing this fact, are promoting and advertising their college at every opportunity. Dr. Jernigan's often quoted statement that "the small Christian liberal arts college is one of the last strongholds of free and independent thought" has become an accepted reason for the students to uphold Queens and build for it a lasting reputation as a first-rate liberal arts college. The events of last year are only a few of the tricks from Dr. Jernigan's magic bag, and he promises many more changes in future years. No matter how great these changes are, they can not equal the invisible metamorphosis which swept Queens student body last year when Dr. Jernigan fired the students with a new spirit. As we begin another year, we express our sincere appreciation and heart-felt thanks to Dr. Jernigan for uniting the studer body in supporting Queens as the best there is.

D-J. S.

POINT SYSTEM?

Theoretically, the point system is one of the most vit elements of our student government. Practically, it seems u important. We as students do not consider it a valuab system and therefore do not uphold it. Are we complete ignorant of the value of the point system?

The point system is designed to guarantee each stude the right and responsibility of participation in college acti ities. By limiting the number of points a student may car it encourages participation by many rather than monopo by a few. It helps the energetic, ambitious student mainta a healthy balance between her academic work and her extr curricular activities. The overloaded student hobbles h academic work and often injures her health.

Limiting the number of points a person may carry protec groups as well as the individual. When a student violat the point system, she deprives the organization she ser of the diverse ideas of other students. Moreover, by carryi an overload of points the student weakens student gove ment.

The point system is now being revised to provide for t creation of new offices and changes in duties entailed old offices. Will the students who now violates the poi system conform with the revised scale? Shall our indifferen allow continued violation? Or shall we in our new co stitution give the Point System Committee the power enforce its regulation?

S. McN.

WHEN CAN QUEENS GET PHI BETA KAPP

Securing a Queens chapter of Phi Beta Kappa will ta at least three years since this national scholarship fratern operates on a three-year cycle.

Miss Mary Schickedantz, assistant professor of Span and secretary of Queens College Phi Beta Kappa, sta that the power to extend charters to new chapters is in hands of the Council of United Chapters. Phi Beta Kapp permanent headquarters is the Phi Beta Kappa Hall on campus of William and Mary, where it was founded years ago.

The actual method of admission has been revised fr time to time and was revised again when the Commit on Qualifications met in August, 1952. Miss Schickeda says, "As soon as our local group, which is made up faculty members who are members of various other chapt receives a report from that committee, we will act. If procedure is similar to what it has been this is what happen; we will submit a full report on Queens Coll and ask the committee to consider us for membership this request is granted, the committee will send visitors study our campus and will try to find out from other chap in this locality about our ability to produce scholars. T will report to the Council at the next triennial meeti

Although the committee on Qualifications does not publish a list of standards by which it judges an institution, it has made some general statements. The Committee's leaflet on "The Founding of New Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa" states:

"The Committee will consider the elements of strength and weakness in the institution *from the point of view of Phi Beta Kappa.* The Society is supremely interested in the development of cultured scholars. . . . The historical emphasis of Phi Beta Kappa requires that member institutions emphasize curricula definitely liberal in character and purpose.

"Because of the great difference among institutions and even among the various aspects of an institution, no absolute standards can be formulated. The institution will be expected to produce both qualitative and quantitative evidence that it has:

a. A promising student body, based upon a policy of selective admission.
b. A scholarly, cultured, and stimulating faculty.
c. A library and other educational equipment sufficient for the course offerings.
d. A dependable income adequate to the institutional program.
e. Most significant of all—an educational program which results in the development of scholarly and cultured men and women."

Miss Schickedantz personally believes that Queens meets these standards, although she feels that she is not an unprejudiced observer since she "is too fond of Queens to view it with detachment." She was encouraging, however, when she stated, "But I do believe Queens compares well with the approximately 160 institutions that have chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. I have real respect for the scholars on the faculty and in the student body.

"Dr. Jernigan's concept of the function of a small liberal arts college such as Queens—a concept which he has expressed in his inaugural address and on other occasions—is entirely in harmony with the ideals of Phi Beta Kappa."

D-J. S.

AN EMPHASIS ON THE CONTEMPORARY

To appreciate the lasting value of the classics a student must see that they have value for modern Americans. We need more emphasis on contemporary developments in several fields in which Queens offers majors. This emphasis would give vitality to our academic approach. It would reveal more clearly the lasting values of the classics by demonstrating contemporary application of the ideas they present.

For example, we would like to see more time in Fine Arts 102 devoted to futurism, cubism, the development of American arts, and contemporary musical composition. We would like to see a course on the modern American novel and one on the modern European novel. We would like our students to get a critical approach to Biblical literature, including the so-called "modern criticism." (We realize that there may be controversy about using this approach in our church-related college, but we believe students should have a chance to get many points of view on the Scriptures.) We would like to see more advanced courses in German literature. We would like the advertised course in contemporary British and American verse *to be taught.*

We know problems are involved, but we expect the best of Queens.

F. M.

A NOTE OF THANKS

We wonder if Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Belk could possibly have foreseen how much their gift of Diana's Den would mean to Queens. We are constantly discovering new values in this student store.

The most immediate result of the Belks' gift was an improvement in student morale. This comfortable, attractive spot for dancing, bridge, and talk meant that we students would no longer have to go uptown when we wanted a change of atmosphere. Girls could get an almost-midnight snack without having to pay high fees for delivery service. Oversleeping no longer meant no breakfast. No longer did we have to make a trip uptown for a pack of cigarettes or a pair of hose. We stretched our arms luxuriously in its convenience—with a yawn that didn't conceal our pride.

Then we noticed that the faculty members enjoyed Diana's Den, too. We found it easier to talk with our professors over cups of coffee—our store casually reminded us that these lecturers were human, often intriguing.

We realized that the Belks had given us an ideal place to entertain parents, friends, dates, and visiting groups. Last spring the Den and the adjoining Big Rec housed a party for the Duke Glee Club. Summer visitors, many of them shopping around for a college, saw in the store a sign of a wide-awake campus.

This fall we are enjoying still another phase of our student store—we are proudly showing it to our freshmen and enjoying their pleasure in it. Diana's Den was usually the first stop when, during Orientation, upperclassmen took freshmen around the campus.

We are grateful to the Belks for their interest and generosity. To us their gift means pleasure, convenience, and pride.

B. H.

TO ALPHA KAPPA GAMMA

We were encouraged to learn about Alpha Kappa Gamma's plans for a mock presidential election. These rallies for Stevenson and Eisenhower, the panel of foreign students, and the voting show awakening interest in problems outside our campus. We are glad that students are planning these events, and we are equally glad that they will be working with Charlotte's League of Women Voters and with the Mecklenburg County Board of Elections.

In addition to benefit for Queens-Charlotte relationships, these activities will give us the fun of pulling together—through different political camps, of course, but in the same general direction. Our executives have enough to keep them busy two months. Our men are building booths and preparing speeches. If the rallies are typical, the entertainers can mix their shindigs in with the speeches and never be detected. Even the rabble-rousers can join in, legitimately letting off steam.

Our students will practice not only the citizenship of co-operation but also the formalities of citizenship. They will learn the requirements for registration in their respective states (though, to make sure that every student can "vote", the registrars may have to explain that the age limits in all states have been temporarily lowered to seventeen). It is practical to follow only one state's rules for voting, but our men and women can, even so, learn the essentials of voting in any state. Obviously, these processes are valuable training for citizenship.

We hope that Alpha Kappa Gamma will sponsor during this year many more projects that are as worthwhile—and as much fun—as this one.

N. H.

MIAMI LIMITED

A Monologue by Fran Macpherson

A pox on today's news—who are you? We might be able to polish our identities against each other. But it might be like running nebulae through nebulae.

Why didn't he want to sit by the window? Too husky to mind a draft. And look at that sky, clouds like rippled sand, pebbled with stars—he glares into a newspaper. Must be a week since he shaved. An urgency of one sort or another. Must be uncomfortable underpinning, to feel an urgency. Things always balance out for me. Nothing like living on the midpoint of a seesaw, latest cure for digestion.

"Cigarette?" Why a tobacco stain on his second finger? Puerile individualism or something's wrong with his first.

"Sorry, fresh out of fluid." Blockish to apologize for using a match, and since you obviously don't want the polite nothings, we'll eliminate them. At least he has a sense of humor. Wish he were lighting the cigarettes so I could check on that finger. No rings to say anything else about him.

"Woman?" What a cheat it must have taken to give his eyes that set! His foreign accent couldn't have helped if she was the prim type. If she wasn't . . . well, can't expect too much understanding from a woman.

"What do you think of Hinson's testimony before the sub-committee, that is, the *Miami Ledger's* version of it?"

"Oh, I thought that was the column you were reading." He hardly uses that forefinger in folding the paper.

"No, thanks. Never read on trains." Must stop that—a receding hairline makes running your hand through your hair look absurd. His is dark and thick and has a vet-masculine curl—wonder why she ditched him. Sooty cloud. Kay would say the moon needed spring cleaning after that one. You'd think she'd be too smart to try to pull that domestic line on anybody, especially me. He's getting my money's worth out of that Chesterfield. Bet he didn't notice what brand it was.

"Yeah. We're supposed to get into Miami at 11:55. Sounds like $49.95 for a suit, doesn't it?

"Fort Lauderdale at 11:15 is about right for you. Having seven hours before you have to report should give you a pretty full view of how the town lives—one side of it, at least.

"No, but I've been through Ft. Riley. Went through there and Topeka on my way to the West Coast.

"Yeah. Tinian. Marianas. What outfit were you with at Riley?

"To put it casually. I remember when I'd just been inducted that I had as little respect for MIS as you'd have for anybody paid to think for you." Scored a half-smile on that one.

"Translating—should be interesting, and sort of reassuring when you're working in another country. In what part of Yugoslavia is this Croatian dialect spoken?"

This should be a good feeler if he doesn't retreat into silent scorn. "Amazing how naive we Americans were about the military before this war. You must have found it a jolting contrast with your people even by the time you came over.

"But remember you were in the Midwest." Maybe she was one of those austere women who can't understand themselves, much less be interested in anyone foreign-born.

"My home town, Ft. Pierre, wasn't designed to coddle isolationists or jingoists. I was reared on Hutchinson Island.

"Just going down for a weekend in Miami.

"Yeah. Frankly, she's a . . . well, she's frivolous but diverting.

"Why should I care whether she can cook?" Fatal mistake to expect everything of a woman, but from the way he talks and his face I would guess he knows himself well enough not to let a woman push him overboard. "I suppose it's the youth of the country that lets us make wax flowers of our women, idealizing." He looks as if he needs reminding. "Yugoslavia has us pretty well outstripped chronologically.

"I'm not sure about that. Our blood and guts do about as well as anyone else's. Of course, as you said, most of our people haven't been as close to war.

"You apparently have first-hand knowledge of it.

"I had wondered about that finger—surprised they cut only one tendon. No doubt you've found the sympathy of solicitous ladies some consolation.

"O.K." I'll shut up. Never meant for you to take it that seriously—who am I to be taken seriously. I can live without knowing whether you've found any answers. She must have been exquisite—to put him in a mood like this. And he seems fairly attractive.

"Oh! It was you who broke it up! Then why be upset? Everything evens out."

HELPFUL HINTS TO FRESHMEN

By Anne Clark

This column is dedicated to helpfu hints to freshmen. You be the judge o how helpful it is, keeping in mind th fact the ye scribe spent most of he Monday nights before council!

The first bit of advice is to learn wh are your student council members—o else you'll be running up to them tellin them your big secret of going outside o the city limits without signing out.

The second is to get to know the pe peeves of your professors. Some of them but only a few, don't see the humor i going to sleep during a lecture; other just can't appreciate the mobile art o chewing gum (particularly our Dean) So just stick it behind your ear befor entering the classroom.

The third tid-bit is to be alert i class. There are four good general rule to follow if you want to make a hi with your professor:

1. Be sure to buy your textbook larg enough to cover the latest editio of *True Romance.*
2. Always sit on the front row so h will see you when you catch th subtle humor of his remarks.
3. Don't look at your watch and the shake it violently as if you can believe you still have forty-fiv more minutes left in class.
4. If he says anything worthwhil write it down; if it isn't worthwhil laugh—it's probably a joke.

Now as for dormitory life and b havior (to use the term loosely)—sli ing up and down the hall on trunks great sport while the trunks are waitin to be stored. This, of course, heard b the house president, not seen. You hav heard the statement that where there a rule, there is a way to break it—we don't believe it! BUT—since you do ha to be in your rooms at 11:00 P.M.— you have messages to be relayed aft that time, just work out a code on th radiator pipes.

MEN, ah yes, there is always th thought of men. You know, of cours how fortunate we are to have Davidso gentlemen close to Queens. Now o main problem is to convince them th

(Continued on page 20)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

By Georgianna Houston

The carefree graduates of '52 are now employed as follows:

Murphy Alexander is teaching English in Lumberton, N. C. Margaret Ann Allen is living with her husband, Charles Young, at 3451 Willow Oak Road in Charlotte. Florence Rucker is Director of Religious Education at Royster Memorial Presbyterian Church in Norfolk, where her husband, Gene, is stationed. Mary Frances Belk continues her nursing career, and Betty Bell teaches public school music in Charlotte. Bonnie Blue is doing research in biochemistry at Bowman-Gray Medical School.

A. C. Bridges is organist at Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church and plans to attend Columbia Seminary. Anne Brockmann is at home. Kitty Bulloch is doing social work, and Peggy Burn works in the library at Florida Southern. Jackie Davis is teaching home economics in Pink Hill, N. C. Laura Davis is Dean Sweet's secretary. June DeLamar is working for her father in a radio station in Gadsden, Ala. Cornelia Dick is Director of Religious Education at the First Presbyterian Church in Kings Mountain, N. C. Beth Dobbins, now Mrs. Monroe W. Ramage, III, is at Melbourne, Fla.

Helen Drennan married Dr. Joseph A. Wells, who is now in the Air Force. Dot Folger is Assistant Home Demonstration Agent of Cherokee County in Gaffney, S. C. Georgianna Gettinger is teaching fourth grade in the Midwood School in Charlotte. Bill Gettys is Library Assistant in the Charlotte Public Library and organist at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, though he says, "I'm just waiting for the army to nab me." He plans to do graduate work in library science. Reid Regan is an air line hostess! Sheila Gottlieb is training horses in riding school. Dot Guy is a laboratory technician at Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte.

Jay Hall is assistant to the Librarian of the North Carolina State Library in Raleigh. Pou Harris attends Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Va., where she plans to get her M.R.E. Millie Henson is a laboratory technician; and Ann Hunter, a primary teacher in Winston-Salem, N. C. Bobbie Jones plans to marry Ned Austin, an actor, in October. They will live in New York City where Bobbie will continue her study of voice. Sue Morgan is nursing, while Mae McClure is a director of religious education. As a statistical analyst Sarah McMahan works in Winston-Salem.

Dot McLeod Klein is with her husband in Richmond, where he attends Union Theological Seminary. Dell Martin is a cartographic engineer with TVA in Chattanooga. Lenora Martin is at home in Pineville. Betty Mauldin now teaches at Chantilly School in Charlotte but plans to be married in November. Ann Noell is at A.T.S. in Richmond working on her master's degree in religious education. Jane Mobley is taking a business course. Florence Pirkle is at home in Alma, Ga. Doris Pons married Loy Ray on June 28; the couple now live in Philadelphia where Loy attends graduate school.

(Continued on page 21)

You always meet your friends
when you shop at

Efird's
DEPARTMENT STORE
CHARLOTTE, N C

BROWSING

SMALL HECKLINGS

By Beth Harden

In One Ear by Eric Sevareid. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 258 pp. $2.00.

"These small hecklings from offstage are offered in the hope that, as footnotes to the history of our times, they may illuminate, occasionally instruct and entertain or, at the least, start a few arguments." Sevareid, CBS news analyst, thus states his purpose in publishing all or parts of one hundred and seven of his broadcast scripts. He admits that commentators generally delve into too many fields to know all of them well, but plunges bravely ahead into subjects ranging from overpopulation to developing the personal appeal of farm boys.

Part I of Sevareid's book deals with aspects of the state of the union "not covered in the President's annual message." The commentator observes that America must learn to live patiently in the flickering light of insecurity and half-victory. Sevareid believed, at the close of the summer of '51, that Korean policy was basically sound but that Truman's domestic policy was at the end of its rope. The weak spot of the Administration, according to Sevareid, was that it was not articulate. One of the recurring themes of *In One Ear* is, however, that the people have neglected to educate themselves about Washington affairs just as much as representatives and senators have neglected to inform them. Somehow, though, the author manages to avoid wailing as he presents the aforementioned and other unpleasant conditions: the tyranny of things, professionalization of college football, lack of pride in workmanship throughout the nation, and the excessive power given to the Pentagon by the national budget.

Solemn scripts are peppered with Sevareid's humor and interspersed with lighter topics. Under "Rules for One Eyed Poison Ivy" Dr. Sevareid suggests: "The first rule is—stay away from it. This is impossible . . . The second rule is—when you get it, don't scratch it. This is . . . impossible . . . For victims of any kind of poison ivy, the final rule is that you must have no friends who shake their heads in sympathy, then say: 'I guess *I'm* immune to it.' That rule is also impossible."

The author devotes Part II of his book to observations made during a trip to the Midwest during the spring of 1950. He says that the old isolationism is dead—but we continue to neglect the primary election. In discussing "The State of the World" (Part III in a book of eight parts!) Sevareid notes Toynbee's prediction of America's defeat by Russia, touches the problem of overpopulation, and considers the London *Econmist's* proposal that the permanency of inflation be recognized. Other sections are devoted to "War," "Politics and Politicians," "The Man," "Loyalty and Civil Rights," and "The Pundits." "The Man" includes quick views of Truman, Churchill, and Taft, and a more sensitive drawing of Cordell Hull. The title of this section is followed by this long appositive: "Observations on a few of the men who make the times. If it were completely the other way round, and the times made men, we would be lost, and we are not lost." Perhaps this is the reason why Sevareid believes in a moderately happy future for America. The commentator's analytic approach pays dividends as he considers loyalty and civil rights. He is logically critical while charges of "good man" and "bad man" are confusingly swapped over his head.

Sevareid's commentaries are humorous and appealing. He wields irony without bitterness. His incisive and thought-provoking scripts might have held more meaning for many readers, however, if they had been dated. Although they are, generally, not brilliant, the commentaries are worth dipping into for both pleasure and stimulation.

FOR TEACHERS

By Meredith Alison

Teacher Lady by Mary Frances Morgan. New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1952. 240 pp. $3.00.

Through "wolfish principals, carnivorous colleagues, unstudious scholars, and problem parents" Bruce Sheehan picks her way in Mary Frances Morgan's hilarious book, *Teacher Lady*. A teacher herself, Miss Morgan has collected amusing tales from her colleagues, and coordinated them in a scintillating account of one side of teaching.

The story begins with Bruce's getting a diploma from Louisiana State while dressed in a Bikini bathing suit—she had forgotten to take her swimming test and could not be graduated without it. At Belden Springs, Louisiana, Bruce encounters a principal who is, as the school children phrase it, "a teacher chaser." Other acquaintances include a politician of doubtful parentage, a "pirate's Dream" whose psychological analysis would have stumped Freud, and a Negro cook who set her up in the worm-breeding business. An accident with nail polish ends Miss Sheehan's career at Belden Springs, but she finds a position at Bayou Noir.

In this community Bruce enjoys dirt roads, swamps, ghosts, epidemics, floods, illiteracy, and love. Dirt roads are conquered with the aid of old Pierre and Mimi the horse. Father Bellanger and Doctor work with the teacher to drive out superstitions, ghosts, and epidemics, but swamps, bayous, and floods are in Louisiana to stay. In her school room Bruce doggedly fights illiteracy. She becomes resigned to being one of the 33⅓ per cent of all school teachers who never marry. It does, in fact, take Artemen Telesphore Racine; Madame Po-Po, the fortune-teller, Lucifer (Madame Po-Po's snake), and a flood to convince Buz Randall that she should not be allowed to run loose.

Miss Morgan's collection of yarns is delightfully refreshing. It has an appeal for anyone planning to teach and for teachers weary in their tasks.

VICTORIOUS DEFEAT

By Carol Stockner

The Old Man and the Sea. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's and Sons. 140 pp. $3.00.

This novel has been called simple, compelling, magnificent, profound—a new classic which needs no test by time. Thus accurately described, Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* is a tale of a tragic fisherman who toils beyond his physical capacity and barely escapes death in pursuit of a goal, yet accepts defeat with humility rare in the modern world.

Written in the most simple prose the story has three characters—an old man, a boy, and a fish. The old man Santiago, and the boy are fishing partners, but after fishing for eighty-four days and having no luck, the pair is split by the boy's parents. Fishermen call Santiago "Salao," which means "the worst luck." But he knows that he is a skillful fisherman and takes pride in his perseverance. Early one morning Salao tries his luck farther out in the gulf than anyone—even the young

fishermen—have dared to go. There the largest and noblest of the marlin takes his bait, and his boat is towed out to sea all that day and night. And it is not until after a long struggle on the third day that the fish is subdued enough for the old man to hoist his patched sail and return home.

The suspense continues, however, even after the fish is killed. There is a struggle with the sharks which have smelled the fish and sensed its helplessness. But the old man fights for his prize, killing three sharks with his knife before it breaks, then bludgeoning two more to death; but his club is then snatched from him. And Salao is left helpless, watching the sharks tear from the marlin the tender meat—meat which would have kept him all winter.

In most of his books Ernest Hemingway has emphasized courage and physical prowess; his heroes have missed their goals, died, or otherwise been defeated. In *The Old Man and the Sea,* however, a new Hemingway—a richer, more spiritual, and serene Hemingway—appears. His hero grows in learning humility which "was not disgraceful, and carried no less of true pride."

Hemingway has achieved excellence in setting, incident, and narrative development, but his simple statement of a spiritual insight is the factor that gives the novel a claim to greatness.

THE HONOR SYSTEM

(Continued from page 9)

Your signature now made on the card given you will mean that you believe in honor and that you preserve it both for ourselves and for future students.

We are glad to have the faculty with us tonight, and we cordially invite them to sign the honor pledge.

DOWDYS PRESENT COMMUNION SERVICE

(Continued from page 8)

The service has two tiers of four interlocking bread plates. Each tier has a silver cover upon which is a cross. There are two similar tiers of four trays, each of which holds forty glasses. These, too, have silver covers. All of the pieces are of a simple design with a lustre finish. The inscription on one of the covers reads: "To honor the memory of William Henry Belk, 1862-1952, George W. and Ruth C. Dowdy."

In honoring Mr. Belk, Mr. and Mrs. Dowdy have presented to Queens not only a beautiful and useful gift, but one that will become a part of the tradition of the college and the chapel.

CHARLOTTE OFFERS CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 7)

Feb. 6 . . . . . Anna Russell, Musical Comedienne
Feb. 27 . . . . . Indianapolis Symphony

WINTHROP

Sept. 30 . . Mrs. Willie Snow Etheridge, Author and Humorist
Oct. 24 . . . . . *Carmen,* Bizet; Wagner Opera Company
Nov. 11 . . . . . Mr. John Mason Brown, Literary Critic
Dec. 10 . . . . . The Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra
Jan. 12 . . . . . Guiomar Novaes, Pianist
Feb. 2 . . . . Rise Stevens, Mezzo-Soprano
Feb. 3 . . . . . Dr. Willy Ley, Author, *Rockets and Space Travel*
Feb. 20 . . Houston Symphony Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, Conductor
March 17 . . . . Carolinas Night Program, Carroll Glenn, Violinist, Frances Comstock, Soprano, Sidney Foster, Pianist

The series also includes Mr. James Michener, author of *Tales of the South Pacific,* and two other speakers not yet chosen. Concerts at Winthrop are at 8:00 P.M.; lectures are at 11:50 A.M.

Students who have not bought season tickets to the Community Concert Series may have an opportunity to attend these concerts as ushers, but tickets cannot be puchased at the door. In the past Queens has been asked to provide ushers. Features in the 1952-53 Community Concert Series, to be presented in the Armory Auditorium, are:

Nov. 18 . . . . . *The Micado,* Wagner Opera Company
Jan. 16 . . . Paul Badura Skoda, Pianist
Jan. 28 . . . . . First Piano Quartette
Feb. 28 . . . . . Boston Pops Symphony
March 6 . . . . Nadine Conner, Soprano

JUST POTTERING AROUND

There once was a fellow named Potter
Who tho't he would be a globe-trotter,
Then tho't he would write
But gave up that fight.
I guess he's cut out for a blotter.

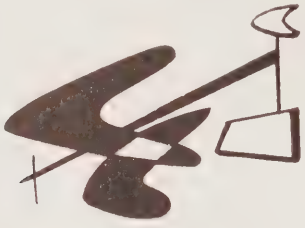
1. Pre-ratting freshman 2. Minute off my feet! 3. Jury 4. To be con. 5. Con. 6. Relax . . . 7. "Oh for a book" 8. Seven virtues? 9. From West Virginia? 10. "There are Smiles . . ." 11. "Have you met . . .? 12. Ughish reality.

POETRY

NIGHTCRAFT

By Sara McNair

The moon dipped silver fingers into the black waters,
Sketching weird, ghostly figures
Which danced on the glassy surface
And merged into the silent, stealthy shadows.
An eerie tableau
Painted on opaque canvas
Framed by the somber silence of the night.



SEERS

By Beth Harden

Meteors flash on turgid seas.
They brood as night around the pines,
Yearn for the bright reality from shimmering force
That gave it birth.
Calls wind that slinks across the plain
Into the barren, silent void.
What films their eyes, enmeshes hands?
Touch them? Will they die?

WHICH?

By Carol Stockner

Open gateways
And paths that lead from them
Bordered with weeds, flowers, trees.
A path
Bordered with weeds for the content.
A path
Bordered with flowers for the caring.
A path
Bordered with trees for the ambitious.
Open gateways—
Opportunities
And paths to choose.

TO A BETTER BATH TUB

By Davy-Jo Stribling

Our tubs were too much with us: night and day
Scrubbing and scraping we removed paint dried;
Bathing in beauty was to us denied;
We would give millions for rooms bright and gay!
When we looked at their dirt, we could find no way
To brighten those baths; our spirits died.
When mothers saw our tubs, they stood and cried,
"For better baths more money let us pay."
Then came our President! He gave us hope
When he dared say, "New tubs by fifty-three!"
The trustees toured our dorms through clothes and soap;
They said, "New baths, but for a higher fee."
While taking baths we have now ceased to mope,
We're gay and clean as any queen should be!

HOLIDAY HOPS WITH HECTOR

My father, Harvey, liked it so well here last year that he refused to move us from Charlotte at the end of school. He put his paw down so we spent the summer with Mary—she lives just off Radcliffe. I sneaked back to Queens early every morning to help keep the rank grass in Diana trimmed. Figured I'd slip in Burwell to nose around, but they'd recemented the steps and I had to stay in Diana. Did my ears twitch! Dr. J. came by telling Miss Tillett to pour it to her summer school class, which I knew she would so I didn't bother to amble down to SUB to check on her. Doc also dropped a tip that he was having the end of Morrison waterproofed to make Diana's Den dry—no reference to Volstead.

Sara McNair and Carmen Carter rushed through on their way to solicit ad number 651—well, anyhow, Dr. J. clapped them on the back for helping the *Handbook* Committee sell over $500's worth of ads on roasting streets (who in the encyclopedia wants a roasted street?). "That *Handbook* Committee," said Carmen, "did a schnoozlebang job." Me, I was afraid she was sneezing and hid behind a boxwood until the conversation traipsed on amiably. McNair was telling Dr. J. that Flo Pearson, Carmen Carter, Doris Parsons, Grace Hager, Carolyn Gallant, and Patsy Harmon were the gals on that spiffy committee. I guess McNair's being a field secretary gave her all the excuse she needed to run around selling Queens to everybody.

The Doc flipped down to the Den, meeting Miss Mitchell on the steps. Told her that the swimming pool for the health center may have to wait a while. Down in the Den, Dr. J. curled behind a red table, discovered Miss Miscally on the other side, and began discussing with her plans for having Queens jackets made. Reckon they have my size?

By the middle of June the courtyard was too hot for me even to hop around. My ears melted an inch, and I envied Diana her scanty clothing—was glad Miss Harrell hadn't had her way and put more on the poor gal. I heard Dean Sweet tell Dr. Chewning (who was wearing a snappy sport shirt and no tie!) that Dr. McEwen's lab was the coolest place on campus, so I slipped in there. It was cool and gossipy in there, for Dean Sweet and Mr. Pugh came in every morning to drink coffee and eat cookies. I nearly scorched my ears on the hot plate trying to get a cookie crumb. Dr. McEwen said that her latest purchase was a big walnut roll-top desk with ten drawers, two cupboards, and eight pigeon holes—only drawback was that things got lost in that maze of pigeon holes. Sweet replied that Laura Davis was wonderful at finding misplaced whoozits. Mr. Pugh chuckled over Dr. Chewning's moving his English class to the zoology lab where it was cooler—as they studied "Alas, poor Yorick!" they gazed at a skull. Everyone was thrilled at the summer-school enrollment—over two hundred—largest in Queens history. (Confidentially, they were also

(Continued on page 23)

Featuring . . . SHORT STORIES BY '51 - '52 FRESHMEN

THE JOB

By Juanita Asbill

And now the night was still—nothing could be heard except the creaks, snaps, and pops typical of a frame house in winter time. Frankie Cerano sat motionless, listening to these mysterious sounds and pondering over the bargain he had recently agreed to.

Two hours before he had been suddenly faced with the task of making a decision. It was a most unusual task he was asked to perform: one with which he was completely unfamiliar. Things like this just didn't happen to a football coach. It made his blood run cold when he thought of the possible consequences. What would his high school boys say if they could see him now? What would be the reaction of his history class if they caught him in the act? All those people who thought him to be a strong and sturdy specimen of the male sex—what would be their condemnations if he were found doing such a job? Oh, it was dreadful to be hemmed in in a small room with no way out till he had completed the job. Cars passing by cast their shadows upon the walls of the dimly-lit room. He wanted to turn on all the lights and be a free man again, but the circumstances were such that he had no alternative but to keep as quiet as possible and stick to the job until it was finished. He thought of the telephone in the hall. How easy it would be to dial a number and relieve himself of the possible terrifying results. But the fact was: he had agreed; and after a few brief instructions he had been left alone—fearful and full of regret.

Frankie walked over to the window and stared out into darkness pierced only by the pale yellow gleams of the corner street light. He could see large white flakes of snow floating down around the light. The weather forecast was correct: colder with snow.

But this was only temporary escape; his mind would not let him dwell on this peaceful sight any longer. Tonight he had sold himself, and the time to pay might come any minute—any second. Frankie took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. A small voice that tried to sound firm spoke up within him.

"Relax! Relax! It's the first time for you—sure!—But you know what to do!—You can't go wrong. Just follow the directions you were given. You're big and strong, Frankie—you were never afraid of anyone; so don't tell me you're going to let this little guy get the best of you. Yeah—it's liable to be a pretty messy job—but you can handle it, Frankie! Remember you've got everything you need."

It was a very convincing argument, but its bracing effect was soon lost as Frankie looked up at the clock. Eleven o'clock—"Be alert! It may happen any minute now!" Must that clock strike so loud? He wanted to strangle out the sound of the chimes—fearful that he might miss his cue: his call to action.

One—two—Oh, why had he ever agreed to do such a thing—three—four—the heat register snapped, and he darted forward, then regained control of himself—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven!

Every muscle was tense, and beads of sweat lined Frankie's forehead. His eyes were fixed on his equipment. He seemed to sense that the time was near—the time when he would succeed or fail in his first attempt at the job. He was ready. Yes, he was ready!—Just let it happen now!

"I dare it to happen now! Oh, God, let it happen now! I can't stand this waiting. No, there is no one outside. It's still snowing. Someone's coming!"

He heard a very faint whine—like that of a small puppy far away in the night; then it grew louder and louder—a pause—and then suddenly the house was filled with the screams of a thousand nightmares.

Frankie was up and scrambling for the stairway. This was the climax to a night of mental torture and suffering. He had barely touched the first step when the front door was flung open.

"O, sis and Hank! Thank God you're here—and just in time too. That boy of yours is kicking up hell! Babies are not as innocent as they appear, and believe you me—I've had my last dose of baby-sitting!"

Frankie lit up a cigarette and gazed out the window. It was snowing harder now.

THE UNFINISHED PORTRAIT

By Gail Phillips

It is such a foggy night. The street lights make only a tiny yellow circle, and it seems that at any moment they will be snuffed out by this dense fog. Very few cars are passing tonight; but why would any sane motorist be out on a night like this? What am I doing walking down this lonely street! Oh, why did I have to ask myself that question—my head aches from efforts to forget. Still it's there—that haunting and unmerciful recollection. It makes no difference where I go just as long as I get away from that place. Maybe if I get away from it, I can also get away from my conscience and my thoughts—those ghastly thoughts!

Oh, why should I come to this fate? Perhaps my childhood experiences were responsible. I was one of nine children. Even as children we did not know what it meant to love and to be loved. I remember my parents as being always busy, trying to provide the bare necessities for us. They were never at home long enough to provide the one thing we needed most—love.

Even as a child the only thing that I loved was art. I often sketched pictures on notebook paper, and then Ma would accuse me of being wasteful. I never cared much for school, and as soon as I became old enough I stopped attending and started making my own way in life. I took many odd jobs; they included selling newspapers, working in grocery stores, and acting as a delivery boy; but I always found time to work at my beloved painting.

As years passed, I found that I could make just enough money to get by—that is, if I sold enough of my pictures to art collectors who were always looking for new talent. From many such sales and much skimping and saving came enough money for my long-desired studio in Greenwich Village.

Mr. Brock was the one to whom I sold most of my paintings. I shall never forget the day that he asked me to do a portrait for him. He said that for that portrait he would pay me twice the sum he had been paying me for my other work. I was quite surprised when he said that the portrait was not to be of himself, but of his two only relatives—his granddaughter, who had been living in England since her childhood, and his stepson, who had lived with him since the second Mrs. Brock's death. Mr. Brock told me that he did not have much longer to live and that he wanted to have a portrait of his only heirs. Oh, how happy I was when I agreed to do the portrait! Little did I know then of the joy and of the heartbreak that it would bring to me.

As soon as Astelle arrived from England, she and Michael came to my studio to begin sitting for the portrait. My first meeting with Astelle is stamped indelibly on my memory; she was a work of art herself. As I looked at her face, I knew that to put her beauty on canvas would be the most difficult thing that I had ever attempted to do. She was tall and graceful; but what fascinated me most was her wide blue eyes, just the color of a robin's egg. Her eyes glistened like tiny stars when she laughed; and when she was serious they became soft and kind-looking, like the light made by candles.

During that first sitting I found that she and Michael had never met before, for they told each other about the kind of life each lived. Michael was an architect, and Astelle had been going to a finishing school in London. After her mother's death several months ago, Mr. Brock had insisted that she come to New York and live with him and his stepson. Mr. Brock had told Astelle that he needed a woman around the house, for his second wife had been dead for three years.

Even during that first sitting I felt that Astelle was different from anyone I had ever known. She was not only beautiful; she was understanding and showed a great interest in my work. She never grew tired of posing; at least, she never complained. After a few sittings I knew that in Astelle I had found the love, the understanding, the gentleness I had always longed for but had never known. I fell so blindly in love with her that I failed to notice the growing affection between her and Michael.

Tonight I had worked late on the portrait so that I might get it finished as early as possible for Mr. Brock. All it needed was a few finishing touches, one of which was to touch up Astelle's eyes with a certain shade of blue which I found that I did not have. I told Astelle and Michael that I had to go out and buy another tube of oils before I could go any further on the picture.

After I had purchased the paint, I returned to my studio. When I opened the door, I saw what my eyes had been too blind to see all along. Astelle was in the arms of Michael—it was Michael whom she loved instead of me! I stood there unseen, as Michael caressed Astelle, and she murmured to him. I shook my head, trying to dispel the vivid scene of Astelle in *his* arms—in the rich, suave Michael's arms! It was all wrong! He had no right to kiss her! She was mine—mine! He had no right—

The fury in my mind mounted until I seemed to burst into flame. The words "he has no right" pounded and pounded in my head, and finally I could no longer endure the scene before me. I rushed over to the desk and took a pistol from my drawer. I always kept it there, for I often worked late at night. As I aimed the pistol, I looked into Astelle's beautiful blue eyes, which were then quite wide with fear. I knew then that they would never again look upon me, for they saw only Michael! I fired two shots. There were only two in the gun, but they were all that were needed. Both Michael and Astelle slumped to the floor. I flung the still-smoking gun behind me, and after one mad, triumphant glance at the two dead bodies, I ran from the room.

Oh, God, why did I do it? I keep asking myself over and over again. I have killed the only two things I have ever loved, Astelle and my work. Never again will I be able to paint; for I know that each time I'd take a brush in my hand, it would bring back the memories of the only one I have ever loved and yet lost—by my own hand. The only thing that is left of my life is the unfinished portrait, but I shall never be able to look upon it again; for there I would also see the one person *she* loved —Michael. Why did my one joy in life have to end in heartbreak? Why did this ever have to come? Now I have nothing left in my life and nothing else to live for. If only I had had another bullet to use on myself . . . All I have of my love and of my life is the unfinished portrait. . .

* * * *

"Yes, officer, I saw it happen. I was walking on the other side of the street when he got hit. When the man reached the intersection, he stepped off the curb and directly into the path of the oncoming car. I yelled to him to look out, but he didn't seem to hear me. In fact, I don't think he heard or saw anything. He looked as though he were in a daze.

"The poor fellow said some mighty strange things before he died. He kept mumbling something about an unfinished portrait. I can't figure it out, can you? He must have been delirious."

TECHNIQUE

By Nancy Whisnant

I was sitting cross-legged on the bed rolling up my hair when I first heard about Rick.

"Libby," my sister Lois was saying for the third time, "he's absolutely a dream. Just imagine! President of P Psi as well as left end on the footbal team."

Lois was slowly combing her lon brown hair in front of the dressing table mirror as she gushed on abou Rick. Her brown eyes sparkling, sh seemed pert and sophisticated. For th hundredth time I gazed at her wit admiration. Four years my senior, Loi seemed to have inherited all the family' good looks, leaving little for me.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Lois flew to the head of the stairs, then walke sedately down them. I hopped over m school books on the bed and darted t the banister in time to see Rick hel Lois with her bunny-fur jacket. He wa everything that Lois had said—tall broad-shouldered, and very handsome As he turned to close the door, he hap pened to glance up at me. I couldn' move: I was frozen to the top stair.

"Hi," he smiled. Just "hi," no more but it was enough to set my hear pounding as I heard the door close be hind them. I walked slowly back t the bedroom, envying Lois with all m heart. I sat down at the dressing table- only this time no brown-eyed pixi peered out from the maple-edged mi ror. The magic of Lois's reflection wa gone, and in its place was a small blue eyed girl in red-striped pajamas wit rolled-up hair and freckles across he nose.

It seemed as if I had just studied f a short time when I heard the fron door close, and Lois came softly up th stairs. Her face was radiant; she was i another world.

"Lois," I said eagerly, yet hating t break the spell, "did you have a goo time?"

For the first time she seemed to n tice me; her expression changed. "Wh aren't you in bed?" she glared. "I after midnight." Then she turned ar added more softly, "Rick has asked m to go to his fraternity dance next wee end. O Libby, isn't that wonderfu And he's bringing Arthur Myers for m to get him a date."

She looked at me, "I think I'll ask- I sat up very straight and tried to appe very sophisticated. "I think I'll ask Be Morris."

"Oh!" With a small sigh of disappoin ment I sank back into the pillows, b Lois didn't seem to notice. She was sm ing at herself in the mirror and hummi as she combed her long brown hair.

* * * *

"Oh, Libby, not so tight."

It was the night of Lois's second da with Rick, and I was helping her w

e zipper of her gorgeous new pink rmal. The skirt billowed around her kles, and she looked like a fairy incess. I told her so, and she nodded r head in pleased approval.

"Libby," she chattered, "if we have a od time tonight, maybe Rick will ask e to the spring dance. That's the gest one of the year. I'd love to go th Rick. Why, I'd be the envy of ery girl there."

Suddenly the telephone rang, and ter a few moments I heard Dad's voice lling Lois.

"Oh," she murmured, "just when I as trying to find my new nail polish. bby, see if you can find it, won't you? hanks, that's a dear."

She was gone almost twenty minutes; d when she appeared two tears were lling down her cheeks.

"Libby, the most terrible thing has ppened," she wailed. "Mrs. Morris st called and said that Beth is sick d can't go. I've called and called to t Arthur a date, and I just can't find m one. Rick is due in about fifteen inutes. What shall I do?"

"Lois," I heard a voice quiver ex-edly (I was surprised to discover that e voice was mine). "What about me? hy can't I date Arthur?"

Lois looked at me scornfully. "But bby," she finally said, "you're just a ild. You're too young to go to a frater-y dance."

"Please, Lois," I pleaded. "Please let go. I could wear your old blue net."

Lois glanced at her watch. "Only ten re minutes," she said. "Well, all ht. I guess you can go. I only hope t Arthur will understand."

As she hurriedly helped me slip into r old blue net, I spied a tiny bottle French perfume on her dresser. ois," I breathed excitedly, "could I ve just a drop?"

'Or course not," Lois scorned. "It's favorite and most expensive. Besides, takes more than just perfume to hook nan."

I tried not to let my disappointment ow as I zipped up my dress. I had ely finished when the doorbell rang, d Lois ran to answer it.

I glanced into the mirror. I was be-ining to be scared, and I was afraid showed it. A miniature pixie in a fy blue dress peered back at me. I red at it in awe. Could it really be ? I was afraid to look again. The ixie of Lois's blue dress might vanish. B no, it was still there, smiling re-assuringly at me. I grabbed Lois's last-year's coat and flew to the stairs. Only I forgot to walk sedately down them.

"Elizabeth," I heard my sister say as I tumbled into the living room, "this is Arthur Myers and Rick Edwards."

Arthur coolly shook my hand and looked rather bored. I knew then that Lois had already told him about Beth.

Only Rick still appeared jubilant. "Hi!" he said to me for the second time. "You certainly look better than you did when I saw you last." He grinned at me mischievously; I grinned back and felt considerably better.

Dancing with Arthur for the first time was like dancing with an overstuffed teddy bear. He was short, and not nearly as handsome as Rick, I thought.

I shifted my gaze to Lois. Already she had changed partners several times, and now Rick was standing by himself at the edge of the dance floor. His eyes wandered idly over the crowd and met mine. Then he started toward me; my heart stood still.

"May I?" he asked Arthur.

And Rick and I began dancing, but to me it was more like floating on a cloud. I saw Lois, now dancing with Arthur, looking extremely bored. He was not more than an inch taller than Lois, and as the music swung into a fast tango, his long black hair rose and fell with the music as he puffed and tried to keep up with her. She looked extremely relieved when the music ended, and Rick and I made our way over to her.

"Rick," she said as she clung to his arm, "I've just got to have some punch. Come on."

They made their way to the punch table, and Arthur and I continued our dancing. "Tell me about Lois," he commanded after a few dances. I hardly had time to say more than that she was a senior in college when Lois came bubbling up.

"Libby, come with me." She nodded to the boys that we would soon be back, and she headed towards the powder room. Lois was silent as she put on lipstick, but I could tell that she was bursting with news.

"Libby," she finally blurted, "Libby, do you know who Arthur Myers is?"

"No, who?"

"His father is president of the Citizens National!"

"No!"

"Yes," Lois announced dramatically. "Just imagine!" Her brown eyes sparkled, "Come on. I want to dance with him again."

The boys spotted us as soon as we closed the door, and they made their way toward us. Lois sailed past Rick, and she stopped in front of Arthur. "Come on," she said flirtingly. "Let's dance."

Ricked looked as if he couldn't believe his eyes; then he glumly asked me to dance. I tried to cheer him up. There was so much I could have told him about Lois, but I didn't dare. She was my sister even if my heart was bleeding for Rick.

Within the next hour I danced with Rick and Arthur each several times. Arthur continued to look more confident, and Rick, more glum.

Suddenly I heard Lois's shrill voice, "O Artie, I'd love to." Then I saw her take Arthur's hand and pull him toward us. I felt Rick stiffen.

"O Rick," she cooed. "Guess what. Artie's uncle owns the Pine Harbor Club, and Artie has invited us out there. He says if we hurry and leave now, we can arrive in time to see the floor show. Isn't that thrilling?"

Rick said nothing. Lois pleaded, "O Rick, you won't say no, will you? Please!"

"I'm sorry, Lois," Rick finally said. "I thought you knew when I asked you to the dance that my training rules wouldn't allow me to stay out later than one o'clock."

"But Rick," Lois pouted, "were you planning to take me straight home after the dance without even stopping for something to eat? I'm always hungry after a dance. In fact, I'm hungry now."

"Well then, Rick," Arthur said, "I'm sure you won't mind if I take her for something to eat. After all, we can't have her going home from a Pi Psi dance hungry."

"I guess it's really up to Lois to decide," Rick said glumly.

Lois hesitated only for a second. Then, turning gaily to Arthur, she smiled, and said, "I'd love to go. I've always wanted to see the Pine Harbor Club."

She looked doubtfully at me. Then smiling sweetly at Rick, Lois said, "You won't mind taking Libby home, will you? After all, she should be in early, too." With a final smile of excitement, Lois sailed away to get her white bunny jacket.

I thought the rest of the evening would be unbearable; but when Rick's brothers began to cut in on me, I was surprised to discover that I was really having a good time after all.

(Continued on page 22)

Wedding party of Mr. and Mrs. David Howard Lineberger. Mrs. Lineberger is the former Miss Dorothy Thomas, who was secretary to Miss Albright during '51-'52. Queens graduates in the wedding party were Reid Regan, Emily Kimrey, Ann Buggle, and Jane Blakeley Graham. The wedding took place on June 21, 1952, in Kingstree, S. C.

DEAN GORDON W. SWEET

(Continued from page 4)

Church on the Lane, he serves the church and gets a change and release from regular duties. He is a member of the Selwyn Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he is president of the Men's Club. He is a member of Phi Mu Alpha and Kappa Delta Pi.

Besides being Dean of the College, Dean Sweet also serves as Dean of Men. His philosophy concerning this job is: "I leave them alone and let them develop and grow into a co-ed program, but I have a major interest in them, in their programs and problems, and in increasing the male enrollment of Queens." He states that he was interested in Queens' becoming co-ed because he had two boys and therefore wasn't doing much good for Queens as a woman's college.

On observing Dean Sweet, one will find that his days are well filled. He follows a schedule, usually pulling his Buick into the Queens horseshoe at exactly nine after taking Charles to school. Coffee and cookies in the biochemistry lab at 10 a.m. don't impair his appetite for lunch at home at 12:30. The Dean returns at 2:00 and ends his school day at 4:30.

His other strict patterns include: keeping at least three in his office waiting to see him and sitting in the very back of Ninniss for concerts. He has a passion for Flemish art, particularly pastoral scenes, and for Beethoven's "Eroica." He never gives the same exam twice, and he tries to have one exam question which no one can answer correctly (*not verified in interview.* Ed.). He has a well-modulated voice and loves to sing. The Dean is the last one on the faculty to take off his coat in warm weather, never put it on last summer. But clinging to a coat is no indication of cold formality, for Dean Sweet's wit—and crew-cut—help him establish friendly relations with the students.

D-J. S.

PROFS WORK THROUGH SUMMER

(Continued from page 9)

Affairs Division of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. His work was in the area of modern Greece and may continue next summer.

In discussing the work, Dr. Spencer said, "I am to survey all holdings of the Library of Congress in the modern Greek language, to recommend purchases which will bring the library up to date in the modern Greek line, and to write a basic study of the needs of various government agencies interested in deep research in the whole area of the Balkans and Eastern Mediterranean." He explained that the work will be of value to and will be done in close liaison with Congressional committees studying backgrounds for foreign aid: military, political, and economic.

Since Dr. Spencer spent four years in the Mediterranean area during World War II and, in addition to extensive teaching experience in this country, was also a member of the faculty of the American University, Cairo, Egypt, he was especially suited for this job.

Of much interest to the student body last spring was the purchase of a beach hotel by Miss Albright, Miss Hull, and Miss Squires. These three staff members ran "Seaview" at Pawley's Island, South Carolina, throughout the summer. Miss Albright states, "Our experiences make *The Egg and I* sound like *Elsie Dinsmore!*"

Many faculty members remained in Charlotte to teach in Queens Summer School, the largest ever held here.

HELPFUL HINTS TO FRESHMEN

(Continued from page 12)

they are fortunate in having Queens close to them. If I could give you the secret of this, it would solve the greatest mystery of time. Be natural around them, flatter them (all men love this) praise Davidson, and take any chance you can get to date one of them.

Well, frosh, this is a sad bit of advice, but, after all, if I gave you all the scoop on how to act up here, I'd be ruined in the eyesight of the faculty beaten by house presidents, and—well just no telling what. This much I will tell you: we're glad to have you here . . . *if* you'll just be quiet after 11:0 and let us poor upperclassmen rest!

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"On The Square By the Clock"

HONORARY ORGANIZATIONS BEGIN WORK

(Continued from page 7)

reast of developments in many fields sponsoring monthly book fairs and tablishing library shelves for particular lds.

Members of AKG want to hear stunts' opinions of these projects under nsideration and welcome suggestions r general areas of emphasis as well as ecific projects. Fran Macpherson is esident of the local chapter, which ually has two tapping ceremonies each ar. AKG was established on Queens mpus in 1928, and the membership limited to juniors, seniors, and faculty embers. Members of the Olympian rcle are: Anne Clark, Laura C. Davis, atherine Edgerton, Mrs. Carolyn Good, ra McNair, Laura Mitchell, Miss avis Mitchell, and Joyce Tucker.

Sigma Mu, honorary scholastic fraterty for juniors, seniors, and faculty embers, annually awards two fivellar prizes for the best creative work art, literature, and music submitted any student and for the project of ident research submitted. Work done class credit may not be submitted. rs. Shelton M. Hutchison last year n a Sigma Mu award for a musical nposition. Joyce Miller is president Sigma Mu, which usually posts the names of those eligible for membership on the oak in front of Burwell in the spring. Other members are Sara McNair and Fran Macpherson.

Sigma Upsilon, national fraternity for writers, is composed of sophomores, juniors, seniors, and faculty members who have demonstrated their ability to write creatively. At informal monthly meetings the members read and criticize their own literary compositions. This year the group will continue its project of writing short stories and character sketches centered around a small town. Queens' Cakes and Ale Chapter presents material to the *Blue Quill* for publication. Fran Macpherson is president of Sigma Upsilon; Charlene Warren, vice-president; Davy-Jo Stribling, secretary; Joan Farabow, treasurer; and Peggy Geer, historian. Other members are Kathryn Hickman, Sara McNair, Pats Powell, Carol Stockner, Dr. L. H. Chewning, Dr. F. A. Spencer, and Miss Laura Tillett.

Valkyrie, leadership and citizenship fraternity for sophomores, will tap early this fall. Organized on campus in 1937, the group's main duty is to usher at all college functions. Members of Valkyrie are: Barbara Edwards, president; Doris Searcy, secretary-treasurer; and Betty Lipe.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

(Continued from page 13)

Margaret Potts Smith has moved to California to be with her husband. Martha Rhyne is Mrs. W. Danford Wilson; Dot Wilson was married earlier this month. Anne Shiflet is teaching business courses in Florida. Shirley Siddall is teaching second grade in Spartanburg. Shirley White and Jane Smith are secretaries. Colleen Soloman raises the number of lab technicians from this class to five. Willodene Smith is a missionary to Brazil. Bettie Stegall teaches third grade in Chantilly School while Mary Ruth Talbert teaches second grade in Concord, N. C.

Of the fifty-seven graduates of last year, fourteen are married, thirteen are teaching, five are laboratory technicians, five plan to do graduate work, three are D.R.E.'s, three are librarians, three are secretaries, and two have jobs nursing.

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OUMANSKY AT QUEENS

(Continued from page 8)

The death-like robe which symbolizes procrastination is shed only to conquer finally the victim who struggles with it.

American Dancing School—1860 *Bartok-Satie*

1. Slovakian
2. Scotch
3. Spanish

A parody in which the early American picture of "the quaint foreigner" resulted in many startling interpretations of their dress, their manner, and their dances.

Classic Motif ..... *Scriabine*

A dance contrasting ballet and modern movement.

My Turning World ..... *Poulenc*

Just as this figure is caught on her music box stand, so does each of us revolve in his own world.

No Way Out ..... *Prokofieff*

A nightmare of the city horrors, the subway, the crowds, and the office typewriter.

INTERMISSION

"Thy Name is Woman" .... *Hovhaness*

The triumphant feeling of the "womanly self" being revealed.

Three Southwest Indian Dances

1. Koshare
2. Mudhead
3. Navajo

These three interpretations were inspired by the vivid, ritualistic dances of the Southwestern Indian. The Koshare represent the spirit of "the ancients" and are endowed with supernatural powers. They act as clowns of the Zuni Indians who say that they typify the idiot children of an impure union and as such they are a warning against all evil. The Navajo, the wanderer, is the aristocrat of the Southwest. "To keep his heart pure" is his goal.

In The Hills ..... *Hovhaness*

The "stomp" dance as it is rendered by the Cherokees who live in the North Carolina hills.

Portrait of Lady Macbeth .... *Martinu*

Three terrible crimes committed,
Promote the swelling act of an imperial theme.
Three terrible crimes committed
Fester and crawl like maggots through the brain.
Dead asleep, she lives
Searching to escape, escape, escape.

Portrait of a Young Girl .... *Debussy*

A recapturing of French Impressionism in dance form.

The Conductor *Katchaturian*

A satire of a conductor's many gyratians and bombastic poses while he is conducting an orchestra.

Choreography and Costumes by
VALENTINA OUMANSKY

Other features in the 1952-53 Series are:

Nov. 21 ..... Dr. Ruroy Sibley, Astronomer

Feb. 20 ..... Societa Corelli Instrumental Ensemble

March 6 ..... Erich Itor Kahn, Pianist

April 18 ..... Cedric Foster, Commentator (tentative date)

TECHNIQUE

(Continued from page 19)

"You are every bit as cute as Rick said you were," one of his brothers told me while we were dancing. I blushed and started to tell him that it wasn't me Rick had described to him, that I was just a kid sister, a stand-in, but he looked so pleased with his compliment that I didn't have the heart to correct him; so I smiled and said nothing.

Rick later cut back in on me; and, as we talked, I thought that he seemed more cheerful, more like the old Rick.

"You are making quite a hit with my brothers, Libby," he said, watching me with his serious blue eyes.

"Thanks," I said lightly. I still though he was trying to be nice to me. Afte all, he wasn't the only one who had bee left without a date. Only he seemed t mind a lot more than I did.

As the orchestra swung into the las strands of "Good Night, Ladies," Ric pulled me close, and I realized how sho the evening had been. I believe could have gone on dancing with Ric all night.

Then Rick's brothers came over an told me how much they had enjoye meeting me and how they hoped I woul visit their fraternity again. I felt lik crying; I realized that I would prol ably never see them again, at least n with Rick.

Going home in the car Rick w rather silent, and I imagined that H was thinking of Lois. It was not unt we pulled up at Jake's (for he d manage for us to eat) that he real opened up and began to talk.

I don't know how long we sat the talking, but when Rick finally looke at his watch he was amazed.

"What kind of a girl are you, Libb to keep a man talking for two hou when it really seems like two minutes he demanded.

As Rick stopped his car in front of n house, he teased, "You're going to be sleepy-head tomorrow."

Suddenly his smile was gone; his bl eyes were close to mine, and he mu bled something that sounded like invitation to the spring dance. For minute I couldn't answer. Slowly raised my eyes to his; he was looking me the way I had seen him look Lois.

"O Rick," I sighed happily, "Ri I'd love to go."

Then he was gone, and I float slowly up the stairs. I paused bef the dresser mirror. A new pixie pee out at me, one I had never seen befo Then I saw Lois's French perfur Picking it up, I said, "You know, I lieve Lois was right after all. It c tainly takes more than just perfume hold a man." I glanced up at the pi we smiled in wonder at our newly- covered secret.

HOLIDAY HOPS WITH HECTOR

(Continued from page 16)

hrilled because they got bonus pay for ne larger crowd.)

Among other bits that I picked up hile cooling my heels on the lab re-igerator were plans for a launderette the basement of Carson in the rly fall. Then, too, Mr. Thomson ined the coffee topers, saying that Dr. had started a Patron's List for Queens. patron would send Queens $100 every year. Suppose carrots would count? Later he plans to have sponsors for any amount they have left after income tax. Mr. T. also reported that there are two new trustees who are on the Executive Committee, Mr. H. H. Everett and Mr. George Dowdy. Mrs. Bryant came in one morning with an ash tray which her large ceramics class made with their new electric over. Think I'll cook up a dish for stuffed celery.

In August the noise of the remodeling in South and North became so terrific that I abandoned Queens for a vacation in Massachusetts—hitched a ride with Flo Pearson. I visited with my white (though blue-blooded) cousins in Boston. Now rested, my ears are itching to find out all about who's in the hutches. But, please, people, protect me from the neighbors' dogs, They hang around Morrison where I live with Margaret.

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